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Euphrates and the Hobo.*

BY HAYS BLACKMAN.

WHEN Advertising car No. 3, of the Waring & Wells' Big Consolidated shows, pulled into Piney, attached to the rear of the local accommodation, and was side-tracked near the mill, there was the usual excitement incident to the coming of a circus to a country town. By the time that the bill posters had put up the first flamboyant poster on the Widow Smith's barn, a crowd of small boys and idle men had attached themselves to their train. In the office of the *Piney Herald* the advance agent argued the matter of so much per inch for display and so many reading notices for so many "comps" and, having adjusted the matter satisfactorily with the editor of the *Herald*, and having seen the barn walls and the board fences blossom out in strange pictures of birds and beasts and ladies in spangled skirts, Advertising car No. 3 departed, leaving Piney to wait with what patience it might for the coming of the circus.

Not the least impatient of the waiters was Uncle Ezra Fullerton, who loved a circus next to an auction. Auctions were the dominant passion of Uncle Ezra's life. He went on periodical auction sprees as other men go on drinking bouts. Twice a year, when he

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made his annual trip to St. Louis, free of the influence of Aunt Miranda, his wife, he reveled in auctions with the result that the story-and-a-half frame farmhouse where Uncle Ezra and Aunt Miranda dwelt contained more useless articles than could be found in any second-hand store.

Duly and in season the circus came to Piney as advertised. But the hopes of the populace were for naught. Came the sheriff with a writ of attachment, and the circus remained loaded upon the cars on which it had arrived. The circus employees fed the menagerie on the side track to which the train had been shifted, and the ladies in gay spangles and the acrobats and all those who could leave town, including the managers themselves, shook the dust of Piney from their feet.

So the circus was to be sold at auction. In the heart of Uncle Ezra the event caused more pleasurable excitement than had the coming of the circus. He promised Aunt Miranda that he would not be led into the temptation of bidding, and he meant to keep his promise. Much of the stock belonging to the show was such as the circus men whom the auction attracted to Piney did not want, and the bidding was slow. The auctioneer reached a gaily painted cage, with figures of strange beasts upon it and mirrors in its gilded sides. Here, thought Uncle Ezra, was a prize for which the bidders would eagerly contend. And, habit proving overstrong, thinking himself safe in venturing a very low bid, Uncle Ezra lifted a timid voice and announced that he would bid twenty-five dollars for the cage and contents. The auctioneer waxed eloquent. "Twenty-five dollars, I am bid. Twenty-five! Why, gentlemen, this magnificent cage alone is worth many times that amount. Will no one raise me? Gentlemen, gentlemen!" in imploring accents. But no one raised him and in a maze of conflicting emotions Uncle Ezra heard himself declared sole owner of one animal den and contents.

He wondered what sort of a prize package was this he had drawn. He hoped it was not hyenas. If he had only listened while the auctioneer enumerated the contents of the dens! But he had not, and now, thinking of Aunt Miranda, he felt that fate had used him scurvily. The cage was taken from the flat car on which it rested. Eager hands removed the side doors and through

the bars Uncle Ezra beheld a sight that struck horror to his soul. For all unwittingly had he become the owner of a lion. And such a lion! Mangy, cringing, scarred and gaunt was the monarch of the jungles which was his. He heard murmurs and stifled laughter in the crowd and it dawned upon him that, in spite of the alluring gaudiness of the cage, the circus men had refrained from bidding in a worthless piece of property.

One of the negro hands standing near shut the doors of the cage again. "Whut yo' gwine do wid him, boss?" he grinned solicitously, and then: "He wuz er pow'ful fine lion in his day. Done come moughty nigh killin' one trainer. His name's Euphrates."

Euphrates! Oh, crowning sorrow of it all! Euphrates! Ah, bitterest drop in all Uncle Ezra's bitter cup! Euphrates! It was bad enough to foist a lion upon a Christian community, but a beast with so heathen a name! Alas, Aunt Miranda might have better borne the blow had it been Joseph or Daniel or some other Biblical name — but Euphrates! Now was hope fled indeed.

Late that night a weary procession wended its way to the Fullerton farm. All of the scandalized horses in the neighborhood had snorted an energetic protest when urged to draw Euphrates and his cage homeward, so the cage arrived at the end of a stout rope on which pulled lustily most of the youth of Piney with many a laugh and jibe.

Euphrates remained in his cage during the summer. There was no place for the lion's den save the barn, where Euphrates spent what were probably the most tranquil days of his long and varied career. Aunt Miranda steadfastly refused to go near the king of beasts. The cattle and horses gave the barn a wide berth. The farm hands refused to assist in serving Euphrates his meals. Even the pigs grunted fearsomely when they caught the lion scent, and Uncle Ezra, upon whom the burden of Euphrates sat not lightly, was silent and uncommunicative during his brief visits. Euphrates was lonely. During all the weary days of his captivity he had been used to company. Perhaps he missed the circus sights and smells. Certain it is that he missed the awe-inspiring presence of his trainer, and he moped and grew dainty about his eating. His meat bills were something to draw visions of the poorhouse before the eyes of economical Aunt Miranda.

When the autumn mists and rains began, Euphrates was even more restless, and he began to lift his voice in nightly serenades which were the envy of the neighborhood cats and the terror of the good people of Piney. Uncle Ezra worried over the problem of Euphrates until he lost his appetite and began to grow thin and peaked. There was talk of various schemes for making away with the lion, but no one wanted to try the venture, and meanwhile Euphrates lingered lonely in his cage, and with more meat food than was good for him, and no one to look after the cleanliness of his den, grew daily mangier and scrawnier and became daily more of an offense to the nostrils.

There fell a night in November when, as Aunt Miranda washed the supper dishes and Uncle Ezra sat with his feet comfortably reposing in the oven of the kitchen stove, toasting after a long wet walk to town for fresh meat for Euphrates, there came a timid rap at the kitchen door. Uncle Ezra, with a rheumatic groan, shifted his feet from their snug retreat, hobbled to the door and flung it open. On the back porch stood a tramp, matted of hair, unkempt of beard, ragged and dirty as to garments. He asked for supper. Aunt Miranda brought him within doors and fed him. He wanted a place to sleep. It was cold and rainy. Could he sleep in the barn, he whined.

Uncle Ezra looked at Aunt Miranda. Aunt Miranda looked back at Uncle Ezra. "Certainly, he can't stay in the barn," she said decisively. Then to Uncle Ezra, "There's Euphrates, you know." Uncle Ezra knew and, reluctantly, it seemed to the tramp, they bade him depart.

When the inhospitable kitchen door had closed upon him and he stood again in the rain and dark, the tramp ran his fingers through his matted hair. "Derned bad night to turn a feller out," he muttered ruefully. "Euphrates, where have I heard that name? Sounds sort o' familiar. Hired man, I guess. Well, Euphrates, you'll have company. I'll share your bed, I think."

The tramp went cautiously down the path to the barn and opened the door a little way. It was dark in the barn, but it was dry and the patter of the rain on the roof wooed to slumber. It made the tramp sleepy to hear it. Then, too, there was probably a bed of sweet, clean hay in the loft. The tramp slipped within

the door and slid the latch back into place. He stood a moment in the dark to get his bearings. And as he stood, there came to his nostrils an odor well known and unmistakable. He sniffed luxuriously. Why, it was the animal scent, the odor of the circus ring. He shut his eyes and basked in the smell as another might have drunk in the fragrance of a flower. He was back in the ring again, Signor Valencio, the famous lion king. He straightened himself and hitched his ragged trousers which were now, in his fancy, spangled tights. He threw out his hand as though he held a whip and was cracking it. Then, instinctively, his hand went to his head and touched there a scar that plowed its length from his eye across the forehead and along the scalp, tracing a white furrow through the dark hair which was thickly sprinkled with gray. Ah, that scar! To how many weary days of misery and heart-break had it condemned him since the big lion turned on him that night when he stood before a crowded house and put his giant pets through their paces. He felt again the blow of the great paw, the ripping of the claws as they tore through the flesh, heard the snarl of the huge beast as it stood over him, and felt again its hot breath on his face. Then he remembered no more until the day when he wakened slowly to the knowledge that he was an inmate of an insane asylum and had been for months, coming slowly back to reason and to life. Nay, not to life. His life was in the circus ring and those days were forever gone. He was only a one-time lunatic, discharged as cured, and a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

"Euphrates, old fellow," he said, "you didn't mean to give it to me this way, did you?" And as if in answer to the whisper there came through the dark a long-drawn roar, the call of the king of beasts. Euphrates had begun his nightly serenade. The tramp sprang forward. In the darkness his hand touched Euphrates' cage and trembling, his breath coming in gasping sobs, he fumbled blindly at the hooks which held the doors, until he found them and peered through the bars of the cage. He could not see, and with shaking fingers he struck a match and bent eagerly forward. In the flickering light he and Euphrates regarded each other, until the lion hurled himself against the bars of his cage and roared till the rafters shook.

Unmindful of danger, the tramp put his hands through the bars and caressed the shaggy mane. "Euphrates, old boy, is it you?" he said. "You'd 'a' better laid me out, old feller, and had done with it, but I'm sure glad to see you. You're looking bad. What's these here rubes been doing to you, anyhow, and how did you come here?" And Euphrates did his best to answer, rolling over and over on the floor of the cage, whining a welcome and even essaying to lick the hand of his old trainer. For rags and want and added cares made no barrier to Euphrates. With the keen animal instinct he knew this man and loved him still, despite the fact that in a moment of rage he had worse than killed him.

Presently the man drew his hand from the cage and stood erect. It was no longer a tramp but lately discharged from the State asylum who stood there. It was Signor Valencio, brave in his glittering spangles, the wonder of admiring multitudes. "Le's get out of here, Euphrates, old boy," he said kindly. "We'll have to walk on and join the rest of the show. They've left us till my head got better, I guess." He had picked up the thread of his life where he had lost it on that night of long ago. He cracked an imaginary whip, and, with a skill born of long practice, opened the door of Euphrates' cage. The lion bounded lightly out, and the man unlatched the door of the barn, and together Euphrates and Signor Valencio went out into the dark and the rain, Euphrates trailing like a dog at the man's heels.

Relieved of Euphrates' nightly serenade, Uncle Ezra and Aunt Miranda slept more soundly than was their wont. After breakfast, Uncle Ezra went to the pasture after the horses, and Aunt Miranda, whose tender heart was touched by the thought that Euphrates had missed his morning meal, fought down her fear of the lion and went to the barn with a piece of meat. She opened the door and stepped timidly into the dusk of the barn. Then her glance fell on the empty cage, and, with a yell that reached the ears of Uncle Ezra in the far pasture, she fled the barn and sought refuge in the attic where she bolted and barricaded the door.

Uncle Ezra's first thought was of Euphrates. For weeks he had lived in terror of the possibility of this moment, and he staid not upon the order of his going, but hastened home to the wife,

whom his fancy pictured devoured piecemeal before he could reach her.

The men turned out *en masse* to hunt the lion down. The women and children barred themselves within doors and a reign of terror fell upon Piney. Uncle Ezra was ill with dread of what the escaped Euphrates might do, and the doctor rode from Piney, with a body-guard, to administer to the needs of the conscience-stricken frequenter of auctions.

They found Euphrates on the evening of the second day. Where the railroad bridge spans Swashin Creek, a section man who had walked his beat, revolver in hand, since Euphrates disappeared, saw a strange object caught on the rocks in the water below. And from the deep pool beneath the bridge they drew the bodies of Euphrates and the Signor. The man's hand was fast locked in the lion's shaggy mane, and one of Euphrates' great paws rested across the tramp's chest.

Uncle Ezra grieved exceedingly, being firmly convinced that some unfortunate soul had met his death through Euphrates. But there were no marks of violence on the Signor's body, so it is probable that the man, dazed by the dark and lost in the crowding memories of the past, had walked off the bridge into the water below, and that Euphrates, blindly following his old trainer to the last, had gone to his death with Signor Valencio.

They buried the tramp in the graveyard at Piney, but Euphrates received an ignominious burial on the creek bank. And sometimes, when Uncle Ezra reads of a coming auction and sighs longingly, Aunt Miranda has but to point to a corner of the yard where, under an apple tree, stands the most gorgeous chicken-house in all Missouri, a white and gilded chariot, with broken mirrors in its sides, and painted upon it pictures of strange beasts and birds. And Uncle Ezra, thus poignantly reminded of Euphrates and the hobo and the tribulations of the past, subsides into the chimney corner and abandons hope.

George Maynard's Visit.*

BY EMILE WRIGHT.

GEORGE MAYNARD had always been looked upon by his acquaintances as more or less eccentric, and when he announced his intention of visiting a private sanatorium in a distant state for the purpose of ascertaining the welfare of a certain cousin, several times removed, who had been placed there several months before for treatment of a mental derangement, none of his friends were very greatly surprised. It was pronounced "another of George's foolish whims," and Aunt Maria Templeton, who had never been able to understand how a man, of George Maynard's social standing in the city in which he resided, could lead the prosaic existence he led, remarked that, in her opinion, when one had relatives in an insane asylum the less said about them the better. Furthermore, she hoped they would pronounce George crazy, and keep him there. It would suit him about as well as anything else, and some of his relations *might* feel easier. As for her part, she wouldn't lose any sleep over it.

Notwithstanding his Aunt Templeton's impious wish, George saw no reason for altering his plans, and a week later found him at a little railroad town, where he hired a conveyance to carry him to the institution, some four miles distant. He looked forward with no little pleasure to his visit. The sanatorium had gained quite a little prominence, not only in its own state, but elsewhere as well, it having been unusually successful in the treatment of its patients. Added to this was the fact that it was located in a very secluded spot, thus affording greater privacy to its inmates — not a small item of recommendation in the eyes of many sensitive people of the Aunt Templeton type.

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Arriving at his destination, Maynard dismissed the cabman, instructing him to return in the afternoon at four. It was then the middle of the forenoon and Maynard thought to spend several hours with his cousin.

His ring was answered by a short and rather slight individual, who introduced himself, after learning the object of Maynard's visit, as the superintendent, Dr. Stevenson.

Maynard was ushered into a private office, and in reply to his inquiry, the doctor said:

"Oh, yes, Mr. Thornton is here, and it gives me extreme pleasure to state that he has been entirely, and I trust permanently, cured of kleptomania and general ill health by our treatment, and is now with us ostensibly as an assistant."

Noting the gratified look upon Maynard's face, which, however, changed to one of inquiry, and seeming to divine his thoughts, the doctor continued:

"It is part of our treatment that when we appear to have effected a cure we gradually change the relationship from that of patient to that of assistant. The latter position is a nominal one, of course, and is created solely on account of its value to us in hastening cures. So long as one remains with us in the rôle of patient, just so long is the final and complete cure retarded by the scrutiny to which he is subjected. I may say, quite correctly, that the moment a person appears to have regained his entire mental equilibrium is the most trying. Being very desirous of impressing those about him with his perfect sanity, he places himself, by his efforts in this direction, under a constraint which is far from natural or helpful. In order to obliterate this feeling of constraint and uncertainty, we begin a gradual transfer of relationship. In a great many cases, the person has no home awaiting him in the outside world, and it requires little tact or skill to make him an employé. In other cases it is quite the reverse, and we are called upon to exercise all the arguments and persuasive powers at our command. By appealing to one's sense of magnanimity and in various other ways we accomplish the end we have in view. In this way our patients are hardly aware of the time at which we consider them cured, and are saved all the constraint incident to a sudden return to sanity."

Maynard expressed his approbation, and stated that he would like to have the doctor explain further as regarded their general methods of treatment.

"To state in detail our methods would require too much of our rather valuable time ——"

"Pardon me," interrupted George. "My interest has caused me to impose upon good nature, and I ——"

"I was going to state," resumed the doctor, "that a word or two would suffice to give a general idea of our treatment. In the first place, it has been our purpose to allow our inmates almost as much liberty as though they were ourselves."

"But do you find this practicable with those of your patients who are violent and ungovernable, and who would probably brain each other, if allowed an opportunity?" inquired Maynard.

The doctor smiled. "I was proceeding on the ground that you were familiar with the rules of our institution, and of the scope of the work which it has undertaken. Since I see you are not, I will state, by way of explanation, that it has never been our purpose to accept for treatment persons who are violently insane. To put it briefly, our purpose is to treat and cure crotchets. People who are possessed of one form of lunacy and who, as a rule, have more or less sanity otherwise, are the ones whom we aim to treat. It is sometimes difficult to draw the line between maniacs and monomaniacs, and frequently we admit people whom we later find it necessary to transfer to the State Asylum. You understand that our institution, being a private one, has its choice as to inmates.

"As I stated, we allow our patients many liberties, and in fact the only restrictions we place upon them are those having reference to the laws of hygiene. These we endeavor to enforce at all times, as we consider them of prime importance. Again, our geographical location is ideal. Our system of exercise, baths and food is as nearly ideal as science and years of study are able to make it. In the continued observing of these rules we feel we have half a cure to begin with."

"What are the most frequent forms in which monomania manifests itself, doctor?" inquired Maynard.

"It is rather difficult to say. They vary greatly, and at times

are surprisingly original. I believe, however, that kleptomania is the most frequent form. At least, we are called upon to treat more cases of that than of any other. All of the cases are not bona-fide. Some whom we have, from time to time, presumably afflicted with this complaint, are nothing more nor less than rogues. Their relatives send them here for obvious reasons."

Then, a moment later, as if it were an afterthought, the doctor added, "Your cousin, Mr. Thornton, was a bona-fide kleptomaniac. If you will excuse me, I will arrange for you to see Mr. Thornton, and at the same time show you through our building." So saying, the doctor withdrew.

Left to his own reflections, Maynard began turning over one or two things in his mind. He had noticed that while the doctor conversed he appeared to be extremely nervous. He had also observed the doctor holding a cedar pencil in his hand, and protruding from the end of the rubber eraser was an ordinary pin, the point outward. As the doctor talked, he continually pricked himself on the leg, and once or twice gave a sudden push which sent the pin in his flesh up to the hilt, so to speak.

"Perhaps the doctor is a little crazy himself," mused Maynard. "I've heard that constant association with lunatics will in time make one non compos mentis. But, come to think of it, surely the doctor didn't sit here and prick himself with a pin. It is absurd! Perhaps it is I who am crazy. It is in the family. Look at Thornton! A man like Dr. Stevenson would never give vent to nervousness in a manner calculated to give him blood poisoning, sooner or later. No doubt Aunt Maria was right, after all. Is it not possible she may at times have observed something a little 'off' in my conduct, and that this brought forth her unkind remarks?"

There is no telling into what mental agony the trend of Maynard's thoughts might have led him, had not the doctor returned at that moment. "Come this way, Mr. Maynard." And immediately Maynard felt better.

Following Dr. Stevenson, Maynard found himself in a wide hall or parlor, nicely and tastily furnished. Windows were arranged almost successively around the hall, in order, as the doctor explained, to afford an excess of light. In addition there

were numerous sky-lights, through which the sun's rays poured in prodigal abundance.

"This," said the doctor, "is what we term our social hall, where both the faculty and patients congregate at will; in introducing visitors, we of course, refrain from making any distinctions between faculty and patients — but here is your cousin. Mr. Thornton, here is someone to see you."

A tall, angular man with a sallow, sickly look came forward, at first slowly, until, recognizing Maynard, he hurried to grasp his outstretched hand. The greetings were cordial. If any embarrassment was felt, it was on the part of Maynard, and was indicated by his reiterated remark on Thornton's *good* health, which it was apparent was not *good*.

After a moment, Thornton, turning to Dr. Stevenson, said. "Doctor, I will take charge of Maynard and show him around. Come, Maynard," and putting his arm about him in what Maynard thought an unusual manner for Thornton, began a tour of the hall, introducing him indiscriminately, and frequently causing him to collide with various individuals. Afterwards, Maynard was enabled to account for this.

Maynard was not long in arriving at the conclusion that Thornton was not as completely cured as he would have supposed. While pondering in his mind the advisability of questioning Thornton, the Doctor, who had been watching them, came up behind and made a stab at Thornton with the pin and pencil which Maynard had seen earlier. Thornton, who appeared to have been anticipating the Doctor's action, avoided the prick intended for him, but in doing so, released his hold on Maynard's waist.

The doctor stepped between them, and in an undertone said something to Thornton of which Maynard caught only the one word "behavior." Then turning to Maynard, who was greatly puzzled by this time, the doctor remarked:

"Mr. Maynard, it might interest you to know that of late years I have given myself up almost exclusively to the study of the nervous system and the effect of pain thereupon. I am at the present time perfecting a theory having for its hypothesis that the sensation of pain, throughout the human organism, is confined entirely to the two outer layers of skin, termed respectively

the epidermis and the cutis vera. The epidermis is most sensitive, the cutis vera considerably less than the epidermis, and the subcutaneous cellular tissue not at all. After reaching the subcutaneous cellular tissue the sensation of pain is lost. Under my theory, the use of alkaloids and even of anaesthetics in surgical operations will be discontinued. The point requiring the most careful consideration has been that of providing a practicable means of passing the epidermis and cutis vera. This, I have discovered, can be accomplished by the use of lightning-like rapidity in making the primal incision. I will illustrate."

And suiting the action to the word, the doctor placed the point of the pin against the fleshy portion of his leg above the knee, and with a sudden practiced push, sent it in as far as it would go. "The point of the pin passing the epidermis and cutis vera too quickly for the sensation to be telegraphed the brain, no pain is felt. I will illustrate further," and before Maynard could divine his purpose, he had sent the pin home in a sensitive region of Maynard's anatomy.

Maynard gave vent to an involuntary expletive, and began searching the room for a door, paying small heed to the doctor's apologies. He was now convinced that the entire lot were crazy, and that there was not a sane person on the premises, never stopping to question the possibility of an institution of this kind running itself without brains to steer it. He didn't even count on Thornton. True, the doctor had said Thornton was cured, but the doctor was the worst of the lot, and Thornton's queer actions had shattered his belief in the doctor's assertion. He searched the room with his eye, and was somewhat relieved to find Thornton had disappeared.

He endeavored to walk slowly toward a rear exit, striving meanwhile to keep down the chilly sensation which kept insisting on chasing up and down his spine, and which threatened to shake his teeth out. As he stepped outside, he found himself on a large court. A short distance away a man was busily engaged on a piece of complicated machinery. The man, looking up and seeing Maynard, beckoned him to approach. When he had drawn near, the man immediately began a discourse on the possibilities of perpetual motion. But Maynard was in no mood to listen. He was

heartily regretting having dismissed the cab and, wishing to ascertain the time of day, reached for his watch. It was gone. It had been stolen since his arrival. This, then, explained Thornton's embraces, and the frequency with which he had forced him to collide with people. Thornton was an adept pickpocket.

"This is a nice kettle of fish I've got myself into, looking for crazy cousins. There is something radically wrong with the way things are run here, and when I get out——" but this brought him back to the present and to a desire to get away without further delay.

Turning to the man, who had again busied himself with the machinery, he said, by way of ascertaining he hardly knew what, "Doctor Stevenson is an excellent gentleman, isn't he?"

The man looked up and said quickly, "He used to be, but now—I—I—, oh, yes, he is an excellent gentleman, very excellent, but exceedingly dull in some respects. For instance, I have never been able to have him understand the mechanism—"

Maynard turned away restlessly, and walked rapidly towards a rear wall, which appeared to surround the rear of the building. The remark and subsequent confusion of the perpetual motion crank had not served to reassure him, and he was doubly sure of the doctor's insanity.

Passing underneath a window of a room in what appeared to be an annex to the main building, he was conscious of a persistent tapping on the window. Looking up, he beheld a hideously black and uncanny face. "The plot thickens," he observed grimly. "Wonder what his crotchet is."

At this instant the man began speaking. He spoke hurriedly and breathlessly, as if anxious to say a great deal in a moment.

"Listen! I am the superintendent of this sanatorium. Last week we had a revolt, led by Dr. Stevenson, a former superintendent who, having become insane, was confined as a patient. My face is blackened daily, under threat of instant death if I refuse, and likewise the assistants, who are imprisoned in adjoining rooms. Escape, obtain assistance, and liberate us."

Suddenly, Maynard winced with pain, and without turning, knew the doctor had crept up behind him and was engaged in what appeared to be his favorite pastime. Thoroughly mad, aroused

and desperate, Maynard turned and looked down the length of a revolver which the doctor was pointing significantly at him and flourishing energetically. He heartily wished the doctor were not so nervous. He would much prefer being held up by an accomplished highwayman of the old school, whose nerves were always steady. Pistols were not so liable to go off.

"Come away," said the doctor, fiercely. Maynard thought of a great many things in the brief second which followed. He concluded that the doctor was desperate enough to kill him at any rate. As Stevenson turned to allow Maynard to pass, expecting to follow, Maynard's right swung out swiftly and landed squarely under the doctor's ear. He dropped like a log.

"Search him for the keys," said the voice at the window.

"I will just confiscate this pistol first and make a search for any others he might have. The keys can wait a bit."

"The pistol you have is the only one about here," said the voice at the window. It belongs to me, and when I get out of here I will bury it so deeply Gabriel cannot raise it with an extra toot." Plainly the man at the window was exhilarated. "Come, let us out," he continued, as Maynard fished out a bunch of keys.

"I guess you are what you say you are," said Maynard, "but I have had enough recreation for a few minutes, and will just ask that you wash the burnt cork off your face. For all I know you may be in your imagination an African cannibal, whose carnivorous propensities would lead you to make a meal off me."

But the black face had disappeared, and shortly thereafter in its place there appeared an intelligent looking white one.

"Now," inquired Maynard, "how do you propose to identify yourself? Do you know Thornton?"

"Certainly. He is here for treatment for kleptomania, occasioned by ill-health."

"I will let you lead the way to Thornton's room, and see who he says you are." So saying, Maynard stepped around and up the steps, and fitted a key to the lock, when Dr. Foster, as he introduced himself, came forward and led the way to Thornton's room, Maynard following.

In response to his knock, Thornton peeped out cautiously. "Thornton, who is this?" asked Maynard.

"Why, Dr. Foster, of course!" Turning to the doctor, he asked, "How did you get out, Doctor?"

"Here are your keys and pistol, Doctor," said Maynard.

It only required a few moments to release the other imprisoned assistants. The inmates, bereft of their leader, seemed indifferent to the change or to resent being instructed to repair to their rooms temporarily. In fact, the change had mattered little to them. Perhaps a little more to eat, a little more wine, and a little more latitude. With Dr. Stevenson it was different. Having for many years been the head of the institution, the affliction which had overtaken him, at first in a mild way, had made him inclined to violence at intervals. The close watch necessarily placed upon him he had abhorred and, with the proverbial cunning of a madman, had contrived to obtain possession of the pistol which Dr. Foster had unwisely brought with him. After successfully imprisoning his watchers, his cunning had extended to the forcing of the daily application of burnt cork for the purpose of lending additional plausibility to any tale he might later invent, as to the unbalanced condition of his prisoners. Presumably, his purpose was to designate them a negro colony.

Maynard's inquiries elicited the information from Dr. Foster that Thornton's restoration was far from complete. In fact, Thornton had been on the verge of a physical collapse, and they only hoped to treat his mental ailment successfully after he had been with them long enough to regain his wasted physical vigor.

As Maynard was about to depart, he went to Thornton's door, and when the latter appeared, said: "Thornton, I am obliged to you for having taken care of my watch. I am about to leave, and will take it now."

There was only a moment's hesitancy on Thornton's part when he said, "Oh, it was a pleasure, old man. Here you are. Tell the folks I am coming home as soon as they can spare me here."

"I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The Under-Water Man.*

BY PHILIP LORING ALLEN.

IT was the remembrance of the good times of my own boyhood days that made me borrow a pole and fish-line from one of the row of ragged urchins along the pier.

Fish must be plenty in the East River, I thought, when I saw my float bob under almost as soon as it touched the water. "Pull up careful, mister," sung out my instructor, and I lifted the pole with proper deliberation. "Lost him," said the boy, for the hook emerged without a fish. "But there's something stuck on it," he added. "Better take it off."

Then he stopped and gasped, and I gasped, too, as I took the hook in my hand. On it hung a gold ring with my angle worm still faintly wriggling inside it. It was a peculiar ring, a diamond as big as a bean with the prongs of the setting shaped like the fingers of a tiny monkey's paw. I had baited that hook with my own hands. I knew it had not touched bottom, for great ships came to that pier to take cargoes. My tackle had picked that ring out of the free flowing water, as if a man were to stand on tiptoe in Broadway, reach up, and pick a half dollar out of the air.

I could see that the sergeant at the police station did not believe my story, though I had the boy to back it up. Yet it was hard to find anything criminal in it, since I had brought my find at once to the authorities. The sergeant and the captain had the ring on the desk and were turning over a bundle of photographs of jewelry. At last the captain snorted.

"Do you know where this ring came from?" he asked.

"From the East River," I answered.

"It's one of the Barnotti jewels," he almost shouted.

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Like everybody else I had nearly forgotten the jewel robbery that had been the sensation of two years before. An under-steward of a German liner had managed to make off with Madame Barnotti's jewel case. After three days' work, the detectives caught the thief, and he confessed. He had lowered the casket by a fish line to the bottom of the river, and tied the other end of the line under the stringpiece of a pier, where no one was likely to see it. Returning the next night to make off with his booty, he found a stone where he had tied the jewel case, and the end of the line was frayed and ravelled as if a puppy had chewed it.

"That was in the North River," said the police captain, after he had run over the story to me. "This is the first piece of the jewelry that has been seen. How did it swim five miles around the Battery and turn up two years later at the other side of the island?"

When the Associated Press sent the story over the country, people must have been starved for something to talk about, for they took it up instantly, and wouldn't let it drop. There were funny paragraphs about the thing in every newspaper, and sometimes a cartoon showing a demijohn as the bait I must have used for catching rings in the East River. There were no sea-serpent stories from summer resorts that year, but people who took imaginations with them on their vacations kept seeing strange things under water, sometimes shapeless black creatures prowling about dark sea places, sometimes regulation mermaids with long hair and scaly tails. I couldn't guess how many columns were written to explain why, if some intelligent sea monster had stolen the Barnotti jewels, he should take it into his head to give any of them back. I had letters from every corner of the country where there was water enough for a mermaid to swim. I learned nothing from them, though once or twice I made trips up and down the coast and interviewed people.

So things went on until September. Then, one day, I found a note in my mail that seemed really to mean something.

"When I read of your remarkable experience with the ring last June," it said, "I remembered your name. An explanation that seemed to me too strange and fantastic to be true kept recurring to my mind. I did not let myself believe it, but now, unless I have

been grossly imposed upon, my imaginings are about to be confirmed. If you are still curious I shall be glad if you will aid me in probing this thing. You must start at once, as Thursday sees my hypothesis shattered or confirmed. The train you must take reaches here at 10.15, and I will meet it if I can count on your coming."

This bore a Providence postmark, and was signed with the name of Josiah D. Randley.

The man who met me on the Providence station platform was tall and lean, with a face that was sharp, but tired looking. We picked each other out of the crowd in a moment, and he bundled me off to his own rooms.

"We must be off in a very few minutes," he said, "and I don't know that you can spend the time better than by looking over these. I can explain later, on the way."

He pulled out the drawer of his table, and handed me two envelopes. I remembered once having received a letter that had fallen into the river in a mail bag, and was not found for a week. These were like it. They had had a long soaking, and it was in salt water, as I knew when I touched my tongue to one of them. The gum from the flaps behind had been washed away long ago, and tarred string, absurdly heavy, was knotted around to keep the envelopes from falling apart. The addresses were in pencil, well enough written, but blotched. The paper had been of very fine quality. I opened the first letter and the pencilled writing was clear enough. This was what I read:

MR. RANDLEY: —

Remember Tom Cone? You can save his life. You know how to save drowning men. Be ready to do it at the place I caught the sculpin. It will be the night of the full moon. Come before sunrise. No more here. Wrong parties must not understand this. This paper came from the wreck.

TOM CONE.

"The wreck!" I exclaimed, and then noticed that the upper corner of the sheet was stamped with an anchor and the name "Eldebarda." "It must be full two years," I said, "since the Eldebarda went down."

"From the wreck," repeated Mr. Randley, "and the Eldebarda lies now — I looked it up —— in thirty-four feet of water off Thatcher's Island."

I pulled open the second envelope. "It's word for word the same," said my host. "If you've seen enough of the first, it's time for us to start."

It was the night of the full moon, as the letter had fixed, but clouds were scurrying so that most of the time it was nearly dark. A buggy was waiting for us, and we drove off into the night.

"Well," said Mr. Randley after a few minutes, "I suppose there are things about that letter you would like to know. I'll tell you all I can."

"To begin with," I said, "who is Tom Cone?"

"I teach school at a village some miles back in the country here," he said, "and Tom Cone was one of my pupils. He was the poorest scholar and the best swimmer that any poor schoolmaster ever had to handle. Four years and three months ago, he disappeared."

"How disappeared?" I asked.

"Everyone supposed he was drowned. I ought to be surest of all, for I saw him go down. He didn't go down the usual three times, but once, with his hands in the air, waving to me on the bank. I've never been able to forget the look of his face and his hands as he went down in the middle of the river."

"I've never seen a man drown," I said, for want of a better remark, "and from what other people have told me, I never want to."

The schoolmaster made a queer sort of sound in his throat, almost a chuckle.

"As to that," he said, "the look Tom Cone gave me was as unlike that you picture on a drowning man's face as yours tonight. I can't get away from the idea that he was smiling. And there was a gesture he made with his arm. I thought it a signal for help, as a man might make caught by a terrible cramp. But even when I was groping under water, hoping to save poor Tom, and afterwards when we had the boats out and were dragging the bed of the stream, I kept seeing that gesture, and when it flashed before me again, I couldn't believe that Tom wanted help when he made it. I had seen him make just such a gesture once before."

"When?" I asked.

"It's almost too absurd to put into words," said the schoolmas-

ter. "Tom was the sort of boy who was too fond of the healthy wildness of the woods and the rivers ever to be in danger of the waywardness that we call wildness. Just once in the time I knew him did he do anything to shake that opinion I had of him. The incident was trivial enough. I passed down the street on a winter evening and saw him with his hand on the swinging door of a bar-room that was the scandal of the town. The same moment he saw me, he waved his hand, and slowly pushed open the door and walked in. Why should he give that same wave of the hand and have the same look on his face if he was drowning?"

"Expressions are uncertain things to go by," I said. "What does he mean about the sculpin?"

"He caught it with his hands in fifteen feet of water," said the schoolmaster. "How many swimmers could do such a thing? He knew I would remember. It was on an outing we took one summer. On holidays we never behaved much like master and pupil. I was very fond of the boy. You remember Wordsworth, 'a pair of friends though I was young, and Matthew seventy-two,' — not that I am a septuagenarian," he added.

"You saw him drowning," I said, for a strange thought was coming over me, "and now, four years later, he wants you to come and restore a drowning man. As a boy I remember a little lake with rock walls around it, where no one would go at night because they used to say that calls for help came from the water. A fisherman had drowned there years before. If Tom Cone is living——"

"There's something to be said against it," said the schoolmaster quietly.

"But you don't account for the letters."

"If Tom Cone as a spirit could handle the ordinary material, pencil and paper, he could have used my own writing desk instead of stealing paper from a rotting wreck."

"True enough," I said, "and you haven't told me how the letters came to you."

"They were left high and dry by the receding tide. One was picked up on a sandy beach near Saybrook. The other was on a flat rock at Block Island. The rock was barely out of water at low tide. Bathers saw something white on it, and going over to exam-

ine it, found this letter, held in place by a stone. They seem to have been scattered about in the hope that some one would be forwarded. There's no telling how many others miscarried."

For a long while we drove on without a word. There was only light enough from the moon behind to show where the clouds looked ugliest. It had begun to rain while we were talking, and the drops came down faster and faster. We splashed on, along a sandy road that stood the storm well enough. But an hour after midnight we saw we were in for something more than an autumn drizzle. The ditches were rivers, and the wind and rain would have blinded us even if there had been light enough to see. There was no chance of keeping the road — every five minutes we found our buggy tilted half over with the hub against a stone fence. When at last we could make out a farm house and barn through the dark and the sheets of rain, we tried no further, but took shelter and waited, drenched and shivering.

"What time is sunrise?" I asked, after a while. I knew he was thinking of the same thing.

"At 5.32," he said. "If the storm lets us start in another hour we might still make it. I was planning an easy jog and time to spare at the other end."

But the storm did not relent with the hour. It was after three before the worst of it had passed, and streaks of moonlight gave us an idea of the road. Sand and mud from the wheels showered on us, gullies gave us jouncings, and low-hanging trees slashed our faces in dark lanes, but Mr. Randley never stopped urging the horse, and the poor beast staggered through mire and flood.

As it began to grow light, I turned to the schoolmaster.

"Three miles," he said, without waiting for me to speak, "and four minutes ——"

It took a full half hour for those three miles. The schoolmaster's face was set, and every moment he moistened his lips.

"You haven't told me all you know about this," I said.

"No," he admitted, "not everything. Whatever we find at the cove, I'll tell you the rest there."

We tied the horse to a sapling, climbed a fence into a field full of rocks on a hilltop from which we looked over the sea, and started down on a narrow, crooked path. We stepped out at last on a strip

of the whitest sandy beach. It was not ten yards long, and on either side the rocks rose so high that it seemed as if they threatened to close together overhead. The inlet from the ocean was narrow, but the water before us, with the last raindrops falling on it, was deep and of the clearest green. On the sand almost at our feet lay humped up the body of a man. I heard the schoolmaster catch his breath.

"He tried it alone," he said to himself very low, and I did not understand what he meant. "Think of the desperation that made him try it alone."

The man lay on his face with fingers dug deep into the sand and feet just at the water's edge. I took the body by the shoulders and tried to drag it farther up the beach, but by myself I could not budge it. The schoolmaster silently came to help me, and together we managed to lift it to a flat rock.

Yes, it was a man, and yet its proportions were those of some misshaped sea monster. It seemed all body. The arms were pipe-stems, the legs weak and shriveled, but, under a torn sailor jacket, the enormous chest bulged like a great cask. Knots of muscle stood out, even in death, beneath the collar bones. Long wild hair was matted over the shoulders with bits of kelp and sea moss tangled in it. The cheeks and the chin, which bore the straggling beginnings of a beard, were of the hue of a man at the crisis of a jaundice, nearer to green than yellow. The skin was rough, oily and scaly.

I looked at my companion. He only nodded his head slowly.

"You didn't tell me of Tom Cone's deformity," I said.

"He was as shapely a lad when I knew him as any you ever saw," he answered solemnly.

Then we began a closer examination. About the waist was a wide canvas belt, bearing the name of a ship. I unfastened it and saw that from it hung more than a dozen leather and cloth pouches which jingled. I fumbled at the strings of the first one, and opened it on the glitter of jewels. At random I picked out one of the pieces and started. It was an ear pendant, a diamond clasped in the fingers of a tiny monkey's paw in gold.

"For the love of God," I cried, "unless this is some nightmare, tell me what more you know of it."

"I can only tell you," he answered in a strange voice, "what came back to me when I read of your experience last June. Tom Cone, I told you, was no scholar. I ought to say he was no scholar except in things that concerned his own strength and his health. Then his interest awakened. He learned of his own body and its workings faster than I could teach him. It was the first time in his schooling that he had been interested enough to ask a question. But I've never forgotten the set of conundrums he put one day when he joined me on the way home from school. 'I always supposed a fish breathed water,' he blurted out. He looked so serious that I joked him about it, and asked him if it were a personal matter. But he followed up his question. 'If a fish really breathes the air that's dissolved in the water, why can't we breathe it?' he asked. I gave him plenty of reasons of course. I told him we had warm blood, and needed more air in a minute than we could get from hundreds or thousands of gallons of water. If nothing else, our lungs did not have passages for handling such quantities. The muscles of the chest and diaphragm were not powerful enough to force water in and out, as they did air. But he persisted: 'If we *could* breathe water fast enough, couldn't we live that way?' And I believe I said I supposed so.

"He was in school two years after that without saying anything that implied his questions came from anything but a momentary fancy. Then came the day when he told me he was going away, and asked me to come with him for a final outing. Just before we reached the old swimming hole, he stopped and threw back his coat. 'Feel,' he said. I put my hand on his chest, and it was stony hard. I could scarcely believe it was flesh. 'I knew that dumb-bells and elastic pulleys took up a great deal of your time, and that your coats never buttoned around you,' I said, 'but this is something any athlete in the world would envy. You've accomplished a marvel!'

"Tom smiled a peculiar smile, and began a performance that I made nothing of then. He opened his mouth and began to take deep breaths. At first they were slow and regular, but they came faster and faster, until his great, powerful chest fluttered like the breast of a frightened bird. There was no trick about it. He was taking full, deep breaths and expelling them faster than I could

count, as fast as a man's teeth chatter in midwinter. The rush of the air in and out was so violent that the sound it made was a sort of deep whistling.

"We went on to the pool together, but before I was out of my shoes, Tom had dived from the bank, and was swimming out. When he got to midstream, as I told you, he waved his hand with that strange gesture and went down. There's nothing more that I haven't told you. I went down, and did my best to save him, but he fought me off. He was writhing with pain, it seemed, but all the while was groping his way down stream. One thing more — when I touched him at the bottom of the river I felt that same amazing flutter of his chest."

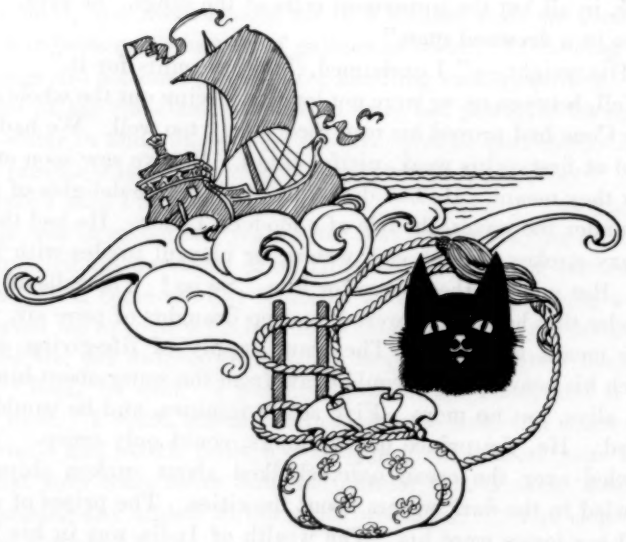
The schoolmaster walked over to Tom Cone's body and rested his weight for a moment on the ribs. "Water, and nothing but water, in all but the uppermost cells of the lungs," he said, "It is not so in a drowned man."

"His weight — " I exclaimed, "that accounts for it."

Well, between us we were not long in piecing out the whole story. Tom Cone had proved his own theory only too well. We had wondered at first at his weak, pitiful limbs. But we saw soon enough what they meant. He had doubtless dwelt on the delights of a free life under the waves, the life of a modern Triton. He had thought of lazy strokes through cool waters, or playful tussles with breakers. But none of these were for him. Swim? The calls of active muscles that he once answered by deep draughts of pure air, would have meant his death. The scant supply of life-giving oxygen which his heaving chest could draw from the water about him kept him alive, but no more. Five active minutes, and he would have stifled. He, the prince of swimmers, could only creep. So he crawled over the ocean ooze, skulked about sunken ships, and prowled in the dark waters about the cities. The prizes of a hundred sea losses were his. The wealth of India was in his hands, and yet the mere struggle to keep breath in his body had tortured him, deformed him, blasted him. His half-distorted mind had seen some hope in the grotesque message of the Barnotti ring. With reason giving way, he had toiled over his appeals for help to his old friend.

As he waited at sunrise in the clear water of the cove, he could

not know that any of his pleas had been heeded, but he knew that his was only a mockery of life, and no risk was too great to run in the effort to shake it off. If none were there to help him, he could at any rate wait no longer, but would hazard all alone. With youth and vigor, he had withstood the shock of a metamorphosis to which only the age of fable could tell of a parallel, but life had gone out when, desperate and alone, he had sought to claim for himself again the air and the sun.



Doctor Million.*

BY DON MARK LEMON.

THIS time last year I weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds. I always thought that if I weighed but one hundred and seventy-five pounds I would be in heaven. Now I weigh only eighty-nine pounds! Some stout ladies, I know, would be delighted to learn how I lost so much weight in a year's time. Now, these are just the ladies I wish to warn. He called himself Doctor Million. He is a tall, slender, dark man, and wears a beard and moustache. He parts his hair in the middle, and puts oil on it. If he should come to your city, beware of him! True, he made me lose nearly two hundred pounds weight in a year! — but the way he did it was dreadful. Dreadful! I don't mean that I suffered much — I can't say that and be honest, and I would rather be honest than be slender. I mean, the medicine he used to make me lose flesh was dreadful. Dreadful to a high-spirited lady!

Of course, I didn't know at first — indeed, I didn't know until last month — what he gave me to reduce my weight. But I know now, and if ever I meet Doctor Million again ——. He called himself Doctor Million, I think, because he hoped to doctor the millions — I believe his true name is Doctor Harvey. He was always very polite, but the means he took to reduce my weight was disgraceful! Outrageous!

A lady friend of mine — Mrs. Wilson — gave me his card. He had reduced her weight eighty pounds in two months, and she was very enthusiastic over him. I think she was a bit in love with him.

I'm not saying — but it looked that way. She gave me his card, and when I kind of questioned her about him — that is, if

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he was a gentleman, and all that — I didn't want to be doctored by a quack, of course — she wouldn't let me rest until I had dressed up in my black silk and went with her to his offices.

He had fine offices. He must have made lots of money — almost a million, I do believe — while he was in San Francisco. There are so many stout ladies in 'Frisco. I think I must have waited two whole hours before I could get to see him, there were so many patients waiting before me.

It kind of did me good to see some of the other ladies. One of them in particular was so very stout that I felt almost ashamed of thinking of reducing my weight. I looked real slim beside her. But my friend held on to my hand, and just wouldn't let me go, and I stayed. I was a bit curious myself to see what kind of a man Doctor Million was like.

At last my turn came, and when I met the doctor I was real pleased with him. He was very affable and gentlemanly, and assured me that he could reduce my weight a hundred pounds in five months, without hurting my constitution the least bit.

I hemmed and hawed a while, but of course I fell in with my friend's plans at last — as I had intended to do all along if the doctor pleased me — and I became one of his regular patients.

When I had paid down my first fee — it was pretty dear, but he agreed to return it if I didn't lose weight within a week — I got a box of pills from him to take. But first, while I was in his private office, he gave me a capsule to swallow. It was larger than a four-grain quinine capsule, and it had no taste whatever. Ugh! but when I think of it now, I almost wish I weighed what I used to, and had Doctor Million here!

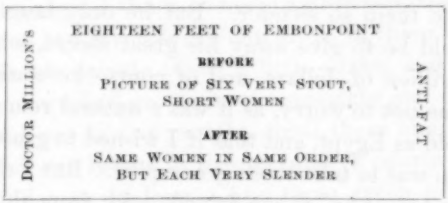
Well, I went on just as usual, eating quite hearty, for I always was a quite hearty eater all my life; but within a week I began to notice that I was getting slenderer. I had to gather my skirt a bit at the back to keep it from sagging, and within two weeks actually I was ashamed to appear in public in my usual clothes. I was getting slenderer and slenderer every hour. Why, at the end of that two weeks I must have weighed not over two hundred and fifty pounds.

I was almost frightened to think of it, but Doctor Million assured me that it was all right. He tried to explain to me, like a

doctor does, how I was growing slenderer; but of course I couldn't understand his scientific words. I just nodded my head and looked wise, and said, "Ah, yes!" and he thought I understood.

The doctor had an amusing picture over his mantel. I laughed at it myself, but one stout lady said that it was an outrage. I think she was just putting on. The picture was called, "Eighteen Feet of Embonpoint; or, Before and After." It represented six very stout ladies, standing side by side. Behind the picture was some kind of wires, and every little bit the first picture would change, and there in its place would be a picture of the same ladies, only none of them could have weighed over one hundred and thirty pounds.

The doctor gave me a card with the pictures on it. It is just like this:



I used to look at this picture and think how nice it would be when I weighed only about one hundred and thirty pounds; but now I know that all slender ladies are not happy.

Well, in a month I was so slender that I had to have all my clothes made over, and I kept growing slenderer and slenderer. I was always hungry, however, and ate all I liked, but it seemed the more I ate the hungrier and slenderer I got.

I know that there are lots of stout ladies who would give a great deal to be growing slenderer every day like I grew, and some who, after they learn what cured me of being too stout, would swallow one of those pills like I swallowed in Doctor Million's private office, if they could only get one. But, ugh! when I think of taking that pill and Doctor Million looking on in his gentlemanly way, I feel dreadful ashamed of myself and dreadful angry at him.

The strangest thing about it was, Doctor Million gave every one of his patients a little box of green pills, and said that whenever any one of us wished to stop where we were — that is, not get any slenderer — all we had to do was to take those green pills according to directions.

I knew of only one lady who took the pills, and truly enough she stopped right away growing slenderer, and stood still for over two weeks. Then she began to grow stout again, and now she is much stouter than before she went to Doctor Million.

That is why I am afraid to touch those green pills. I dislike to be as slender as I am, considering I am quite a tall woman, but I should dislike more to grow as stout as I used to be. So I have put those green pills away in my bureau, and every little while I look at them and wonder if I could dare take them.

I once asked Doctor Million what it was that he gave his patients to make them so slender. But he only laughed and said that that would be to give away his great secret, which had cost him over a million of dollars, and of course he couldn't do that. But he told me not to worry, as it was a natural remedy for stoutness, and as old as Egypt, and that if I wished to grow stout again, all I had to do was to take those green pills. But I daren't.

Well, things went on, as my friends said, from thin to thinner, and when I had paid Doctor Million as much as five hundred dollars, he said that I was cured, and after that I must come to see him only as a friend, and no longer a patient. And, indeed, I was quite fond of him, and did go to see him quite often, and he always seemed to have as many patients as he could possibly attend to; but, finally, one day, a lady in the office got me out into the hallway, and asked me if I knew what it was that Doctor Million gave us ladies to make us slender.

Of course, I didn't know, and I said as much, whereupon she whispered something in my ear that made me almost slap her face, so vexed and mortified was I. But she persisted that it was true — every word of it. Why, she herself had weighed nearly three hundred but seven months before, while now she weighed scarcely eighty pounds, so slender she had grown.

Of course I thought she had taken some offense at Doctor Million, or was sent in by some other doctor to frighten away his pa-

tients, and I was real rude to her. But since then I have learned that she was just an honest, high-spirited lady like myself, trying to warn trusting folks away from the toils of an evil doctor.

Now, you will want to know what this lady said to me, and the day after she got me into the hall I went again to call on Doctor Million to ask him to his face if it was true; but he was gone.

I never was so much astonished in all my life; gone for good, the janitor of the building told us. Why, I believe I would have trusted Doctor Million with my eyes. However, he was gone and there was no use crying over spilt milk; and, besides, I was as slender as I ever wish to be, weighing only about ninety pounds with my clothing on.

The day after the doctor was gone, a number of we ladies who had been his patients all met together at my house, and we talked the matter over, and all agreed that it must be so. Doctor Million — it is enough, I think, to make a proud-spirited woman blush with shame — had given every one of us, in those big capsules we swallowed in his private office, a little snake, and the snake had grown and grown and grown in our stomachs and eaten up everything we had put in our mouths, until there simply wasn't anything left for our bodies to live on, and of course we had all become as slender as shadows. And those green pills were to kill the snake when we had been eaten — as it were — out of house and home, and didn't want to grow any slenderer.

Mercy! I have heard of men having the snakes, but I never dreamt that I should some day have them myself, and I can hardly keep my hands off that little box of green pills. But I know if I should take those pills and the snake in my stomach be killed, I should weigh two hundred and seventy-five pounds within a year, and I do so want to stay slender.

Eighty-nine pounds for a fairly tall woman, as women go, is too slender, I think, and my husband says that it's too thin, too, and I am mortally afraid that he will learn about those green pills and put them in my food without me knowing anything about it.

An Instalment Bible.*

BY GRACE L. SHEPHARD.

"TWENTY-FIVE dollars for a Bible! Lizy Ann, it appears to me the older you get the less sense you hev."

Mrs. Hiram Spencer towered in the doorway of Mrs. Joseph Spencer's little parlor and looked down at her with rigorous disapproval.

Mrs. Jo was head and shoulders shorter than Mrs. Hi, which naturally put her at a disadvantage, but she answered with as much spirit as she could muster, "Well, I've always wanted a Bible, and I was bound when I got one it should be a handsome one. And only paying a dollar a month I won't feel it, hardly."

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Hi. "Dollars don't grow on bushes that I know of. You'll never pay for it, Lizy Ann, and you're jest throwin' your money away. But you never did hev any sense about spendin' money, and as I say, the older ye get the less ye hev." With which cheerful observation, Mrs. Hi swept out of the house.

Mrs. Jo stroked the plush-covered Bible on the center table lightly and lovingly, her face beaming with triumphant pride.

"She don't know that I've got the hull price put away in a stocking if I've a mind to use it," she chuckled, opening the great clasp with childish delight, "but I ain't a-going to tech it 'thout I have to. Like to know if I can't pay a dollar a month!"

Dollars did not grow on bushes, indeed, for Mrs. Jo. She earned them by standing half the day at the wash tub and the other half at the ironing board. And she had kept up this valiant, hand-to-hand fight against poverty ever since her husband's death, some twelve years before; for his long sickness had completely exhausted their little store of savings, and left her with liabilities in the

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shape of the doctor's bills and funeral expenses, and with no available assets except the little four-roomed house and the strip of land surrounding it on the outskirts of Brunswick, plus her own wiry little frame and a superabundance of cheerfulness.

It was this superlative cheerfulness which exasperated Mrs. Hi so bitterly. Mrs. Hi was her husband's brother's wife, who, having been left in fairly comfortable circumstances, with a little money out at interest, lived in perpetual fear of penury and death in the poorhouse.

The summer which followed the purchase of the plush-covered Bible was an exceptionally good one in the way of business. From the gaiety attending Commencement Week, on through July, August, September, and even into October, the summer boarders clung to the little town, and Mrs. Jo thrived according to her deserts. The bank account in the stocking increased and the monthly payments on the Bible were promptly met.

It was about the middle of October that "Professor" José Valencia arrived in town and established himself in a window of Wiley's drug store, where he proceeded to dazzle the eyes of passersby with specimens of fancy penmanship, the like of which had never before been seen in the village. Orders for calling cards poured in upon him, and the elaborate scrolls and flourishes with which plain "Mrs. John Jones" appeared upon the bits of pasteboard called forth an immediate rush of orders from Mesdames Smith, Brown and Robinson, besides a horde of less prominent names, and the Professor's long, slender fingers had almost more than they could manipulate.

It was Melissa Ann Johnson who called Mrs. Jo's attention to the Spanish penman. Melissa was an own cousin of Mrs. Hi, and the direct antithesis of that worthy dame, and thereby staunchly intrenched in Mrs. Jo's affections. She and her six tow-haired children existed in a nondescript way on the remnant of farm which had been preserved to her late husband from the decay of his ancestral possessions, and which was within easy walking distance of Mrs. Jo's more thrifty holdings.

"Oh, Lizy Ann!" cried Melissa in her breathless way, "He makes the most beautiful curlicues. And I was thinking it would be so grand to have him write up the record in the Bible."

"Of course," said Mrs. Jo, just a little hesitatingly, "'tain't altogether paid for. But it will be," she added convincingly, "jest as fast as the months roll around."

"Of *course* it will," corroborated Melissa. "And you'd *never* get a chance to have it done so beautiful. I just don't see how he can get in them curlicues as he does. Why, it's perfectly grand. I'd have it done if I was you, Lizy Ann."

Being thus, as it were, actually thrust into temptation, Mrs. Jo succumbed, and a few days later there appeared in the "Family Record" of the plush-covered Bible, in the Professor's best hand, the brief epitome of the Spencer household. Thereafter the book became, if possible, even more awe-inspiring in Mrs. Jo's eyes, and each evening, before she went to bed, she went in and looked at the record with solemn satisfaction.

She sat rocking by the kitchen fire one evening some two weeks later, at peace with herself and the world, when Melissa burst in, in even greater excitement than usual.

"Oh, Lizy Ann!" she began, and then burst into hysterical sobs.

"Whatever's the matter now, Melissy?" asked Mrs. Jo, rising in real concern. "The baby ain't gone and swallered a marble again, has he?"

"No-o-o," sobbed Melissa, "the' ain't any of 'em swallered anything, and they're all right as far as I know, but just think, Lizy Ann," controlling herself with an effort, "if I could only raise thirty dollars, Jimmy could have the grandest chance. Phil Arnold hez just been tellin' me about it, and seems as if I just must get it somehow, even if I hev to ask Mis' Hi."

And then, as well as she could for her excitement, she poured out the details of Mr. Arnold's alluring scheme.

"I knew you didn't have anything, any more than I did," she wound up, "but it's a kind of a comfort to talk it over."

That night the stocking bank account dwindled to a single ten dollar bill, but the next morning Mrs. Jo was as blithely cheerful as ever over the steaming suds. Jimmy would pay her interest, which was more than the stocking bank had done, besides five dollars on the principal every month until the whole was paid.

The next week, two of her best customers flitted back to the city,

and a few days later the price of coal went up. Mrs. Jo's cheerful face was perhaps just a trifle less care-free than usual as the liquidation of the stocking bank commenced, but even when that institution actually *went broke,* she worked on serenely, confident that it would soon be able to open its doors again through the payment of its principal creditor.

It was only when Melissa, bowed down by the awful weight of the calamity, reported the engulfment of the thirty dollars beyond hope of recovery in the complete failure of Mr. Arnold's brilliant scheme, that her exuberant courage threatened to give way.

"I b'lieve I could stan' everything 'ceptin' losin' the Bible," she sobbed. "I've got so kind of used to it. And now that the Record's writ up so handsome, seems as if I couldn't give it up no way in the world."

"How many books is there in the Bible, any way?" asked Melissa desperately. "Seems as if you's paid for more than half of it. If you have, I'd just cut it in two. I wouldn't let him take the hull book away."

"How'd it look to have just *half* a Bible?" sniffed Mrs. Jo.

"'Twouldn't be so awful bad," declared Melissa hopefully. "You'd have the plush top with the looking-glass in it, and you could set it onto another book or something that would raise it up, and kind of stand this worsted fringe on the mat up round it, and it's so thick nobody would ever know but what 'twas a hull Bible. How long you been payin', Lizy Ann?"

"Eight months," replied Mrs. Jo, mournfully.

"Eight months," repeated Melissa, screwing her forehead up painfully. "That's just about a third of twenty-five dollars. That 'ud give you a third of it. How many books is there in the Bible?"

She counted them laboriously.

"Sixty-six. Let's see. That would be twenty-two you could hev for eight dollars. How far would that take ye?" She counted them over again painstakingly.

"That only takes you to the Song of Solomon," she announced in a discouraged tone, as she reached the twenty-second. "And I s'pose by rights you'd only ought to go to Ecclesiastes, because eight dollars ain't quite a third of twenty-five. And the Record don't come in for quite a spell after that," she added, turning the

leaves with a still more hopeless air. "You'd hev to take in the hull of the Old Testament before you'd come to that."

"I wouldn't *hev* it, anyhow, if I couldn't hev it right," cried Mrs. Jo, energetically, bursting into sobs again. "Who wants a tore-up, makeshift of a Bible like that?"

"Oh, dear me, Lizy Ann Spencer, I wisht I was dead," cried the wretched Melissa, sinking tragically into a chair. "Ain't seen nothin' but trouble ever sence I was born, and gettin' everybody else into trouble besides. I do so."

"Melissy Johnson, ain't you ashamed of yourself?" demanded Mrs. Jo, drying her eyes and sitting severely upright. "Maybe 'taint so bad, after all. There's some new people moved in next to Mrs. Tom Allen's, and if I can get their washin' mebbe I can keep up the payments. I ain't a-going to say die till I hev to."

The collector for the Bible came the next day. He was a new man, and he listened a little impatiently to her explanation that this was the first time she had been behind, and that if he would let it go till the next month she was sure she could raise the two dollars. He answered grimly that he should be around promptly on the first of the month, and if the two dollars were not forthcoming, the Bible must be surrendered immediately.

But coal went still higher, and before the first of the month, Mrs. Jo had not only paid out her last dollar, but was in arrears for half a ton of coal besides. Melissa, grown desperate under the impending calamity of the collector's visit, fluttered in harassingly over a dozen times a day with wild schemes for the salvation of the Bible, each one more impracticable than the last, and received by Mrs. Joe with a gloomy apathy that was startling in itself.

As a crowning stroke came a visitation from Mrs. Hi, and her more than usually acrid inquiry as to whether she had had to give up the Bible yet. She s'posed she had, as she had heard that she was behind on her coal bill.

No wonder that, a few minutes after Mrs. Hi's hateful figure disappeared over the brow of the hill, Mrs. Jo should have welcomed the diversion created by the breakdown of a wagon in front of her place.

The wagon belonged to Mr. Erasmus Sharkey and his partner, Mr. McGilvery, two enterprising gentlemen temporarily engaged

in promulgating the virtues of "The Great and Only Cerenimo Liniment" through that part of the country, and after an investigation of the damage, Mr. Sharkey came in to borrow a piece of rope, a hammer and a few nails, all of which Mrs. Jo supplied with brisk cheerfulness, and then went out to offer such suggestions as she might toward mending the break. From the friendly conversation that followed, portentous results ensued.

As a preliminary to these results, in a village not far distant from Brunswick that same evening, to an audience that filled the largest hall in the town, Mr. Sharkey, aided by Mr. McGilvery, was holding forth on the merits of "The Great and Only Cerenimo," when a young man in the audience, who had edged up to the stage and was regarding Mr. Sharkey with the utmost intentness, suddenly felt a nervous, imperative jerk at his coat sleeve.

Turning, he saw an old lady at his side, eying him with desperate anxiety.

"Come around here to the side a minit, won't ye?" she whispered, glancing fearfully from the impassioned Mr. Sharkey to the gaping crowd in the hall, and edging off toward the right.

The young man spoke a word to the man next to him, and the two turned and slipped quietly and unobserved to a door whence the old lady had disappeared. It opened into a little anteroom to the right of the stage, in the middle of which stood the little woman tremulous and excited.

"Ain't you the man that sold Bibles around Brunswick last spring?" she asked eagerly, as the young man closed the door behind him.

"Why, ye-es. Did you buy one?"

"Yes. Don't ye remember? I'm Mrs. Spencer, up on Powder House Hill. And there's a new man collecting now, and coal's gone up so, and Jimmy losing the money I gave him, I told the man if he would wait till next month I was sure I could pay, but I couldn't any way in the world, and I'd had the Record writ up, and seemed like I just couldn't give it up, and these men they said this here Cerenimo Liniment was exactly the same thing as 'Sampson's Tower of Strength,' that I've used for years, only they was a-selling it under a different name, cause the' was a law-suit or something about the other, and if I would just come along to

Sellport to testify how I'd always used the Sampson Liniment, only I was to call it Cerenimo, cause it was just the same thing, and they'd give me five dollars a night, because knowin' so many people in Sellport, they thought they could sell a lot more through me testifyin', and I thought I'd do it, 'cause it would help out on the Bible, and I was to wait in here till they told me to come onto the stage. But just before the show commenced I seen them a-washin' up, and them's only false whiskers and wigs, and ——"

The two men, who had been openly grinning during this confused and rapid recital, started suddenly and exchanged significant looks.

"What sort of looking chaps are they without the whiskers?" asked the ex-Bible agent alertly.

"One of 'em's sandy-haired with a terrible pointed chin, and the other's darker and better looking, but he's got a kind of a scar across the corner of his mouth and chin."

The two men exchanged glances again, and the ex-agent gave an exultant chuckle; but Mrs. Jo was too troubled in spirit to notice such trifles.

"So I knowed there was something not right about it, and I was jest going to try to get out this side door when I happened to see you, and I thought if you would tell the other collector to give me just a little more time ——"

The ex-agent interrupted her by a sudden hearty grasp of both her hands.

"See here, Grandma, don't you worry another minute about that Bible. I will see to that. And now you stay right where you are. Don't you move until one or the other of us comes for you. There's going to be something doing in the hall, and you want to be out of it. Don't be frightened at anything you hear. They can't hurt you. Just stay right here till we come for you. We'll see that you get to the train all right and get back to your home tonight."

They went out and closed the door, and a short time later there was a tremendous commotion in the hall. Mrs. Jo sat frozen to her chair, in grim expectancy that the roof would fall. But by slow degrees the noise subsided, and presently the ex-agent's companion came in, his face full of suppressed excitement.

"Come now, Grandma," he said briskly. "I'm going to put you on the train. And if I were you, I wouldn't say a word about this business to anybody around home."

It was the eleven o'clock express from Boston, and there was no danger of any of her acquaintances being on it. As he helped her on to the train the man handed her her ticket. Then he shook hands with her, and in so doing pressed a roll of bills into her hand.

"Good-bye, Grandma," he said cheerily. "You've done us a good turn tonight. Good luck to you."

Mrs. Jo surrendered her ticket to the conductor, and then sat dazedly with the roll of bills gripped closely in her hand, till the brakeman shouted "Brunswick." Then she clambered off the train, and still with the same mechanical grip, carried them on the lonely walk to the little gray house on the hill. There she lighted a lamp and counted them. *One hundred dollars!*

She was too excited to sleep, and besides it was nearly two o'clock. She put the bills in the depleted stocking bank, slipped out of her best clothes, and into her everyday ones, lit the fire and absently put a boiler of clothes on. Dawn found her bending briskly over the washtub, but still with a far-away expression on her face.

The next day the collector for the Bible called. A full night's sleep had done much towards restoring Mrs. Jo to her mental equilibrium, but the first words of the collector threatened to set her all adrift again.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Spencer," he said, with great suavity. "I called to give you your receipt for the Bible."

"If you will wait a minit I'll git the money," said Mrs. Jo confusedly.

"The money is paid in full," said the young man, handing her the receipt.

"I — I don't understand," gasped Mrs. Jo.

"Mr. Whiting paid it. The man who sold you the Bible. He's a fellow with more money than he knows what to do with, and kind of in the notion of being an amateur detective. It seems he nailed two fellows the other night that the regular detectives have been lookin' for for two yars, so I suppose he's feeling pretty good. He

was in this Bible-selling business for fun, kind of trackin' these fellows. But that ain't my case," he added with a sigh, as he consulted his memorandum book. "Let's see. Mrs. Billings lives about four blocks farther down, doesn't she?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Jo gaspingly, and he went off.

Mrs. Jo carried the receipt tremulously into the parlor, and laid it on the Bible. Then all of a sudden she dropped on her knees beside the table and put her head on the great volume. A great plash rattling down on to the receipt aroused her. She started and snatched up the paper hastily.

"If it had a-dropped on that plush it would have ruined it," she murmured tremulously, wiping her eyes on her apron and retreating to a safe distance from the sacred volume.

Pretty Cheeks

A Food that Makes Girls Sweet to Look Upon.

THE right food for young ladies is of the greatest importance to their looks, to say nothing of the health. You may be absolutely certain thin, sallow girls don't get the right food. A Brooklyn girl says: "For a long time in spite of all I could do I was thin, skinny and nervous. My cheeks were so sunken my friends used to remark on how bad I looked. I couldn't seem to get strength from my food—meat, potatoes, bread, etc. So I tried various medicines without help.

"I often read about Grape-Nuts, but never tried the food until one day something impressed me that perhaps if I would eat Grape-Nuts for my nerves and brain I could digest and get the good of my food. So I started in. The food with cream was fascinating to my taste and I went in for it regularly twice a day.

"Well, I began to improve and now while on my third package I have changed so my friends congratulate me warmly, ask me what in the world I have taken, etc., etc. My cheeks are plump and rosy and I feel so strong and well. I sleep sound and it seems as though I couldn't get enough to eat. Thank you sincerely for making Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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My offer is as broad as humanity itself. For sickness knows no distinction in its ravages. And the restless patient on a downy couch is no more welcome than the wasting sufferer who frets through the lagging hours in a dismal hovel.

I want EVERYone, EVERYwhere to test my remedy.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combine the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain. The paragraphs below will show you the reason why.

In eighty thousand communities—in more than a million homes—Dr. Shoop's Restorative is known. There are those all around you—your friends and neighbors, perhaps—whose suffering it has relieved. There is not a physician anywhere who dares tell you I am wrong in the new medical principles which I apply. And for six solid years my remedy has stood the severest test a medicine was ever put to—I have said "If it fails it is free"—and it has never failed where there was a possible chance for it to succeed.

But this mountain of evidence is of no avail to those who shut their eyes and doze away in doubt. For doubt is harder to overcome than disease. I cannot cure those who lack the faith to try.

So now I have made this offer. I disregard the evidence. I lay aside the fact that mine is the largest medical practice in the world, and come to you as a stranger. I ask you to believe not one word that I say till you have proven it for yourself. I offer to give you outright a full dollar's worth of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. No one else has ever tried so hard to remove every possible excuse for doubt. It is the utmost my unbounded confidence can suggest. It is open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief.

Inside Nerves!

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well.

Many Ailments—One Cause

I have called these the inside nerves for simplicity's sake. Their usual name is the "sympathetic" nerves. Physicians call them by this name because each is in close sympathy with the others. The result is that when one branch is allowed to become impaired, the others weaken. That is why one kind of sickness leads into another. That is why cases become "complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is it not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have failed?

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves of my medicine were it not UNIFORMLY helpful? Could I AFFORD to do this if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

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The first free bottle may be enough to effect a cure—but I do not promise that. Nor do I fear a loss of possible profit if it does. For such a test will surely convince the cured one beyond doubt, or disbelief, that every word I say is true.

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For a free order for a full dollar bottle address Dr. Shoop, Box 5932, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

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